

STOCK BRANDS.

While you keep your subscription paid up you can keep your brand in free of charge.
Allyn, T. J., Lone, Or., Horse 661 on left shoulder; cattle same on left hip, under bit on right ear, and upper bit on the left; range in Morrow county.

LET US BE QUIET.

Let us be quiet! What is there to gain by free and noisy in this bustling life?
Alas, for all the self-inflicted pain!
Alas for all the self-inflicted strife!

OYSTERS UP TO DATE.

The Very Latest Fad Is for Bleached Bivalves.

White Ones Are Probably Deterred—Oystermen Who Ought to Know for They Are Men Who Know Their Shellfish Not to Be Improved Upon.

"Bleached oysters" is the latest and a rapidly growing fad. The fashionable uptown restaurants are catering to it.
An oyster that does not peer forth snow white from the depth of its shell is considered had form. It does not appear that the Albino-bivalve is improved by the bleaching process.

A reporter for the New York World went aboard a floating warehouse, on the North river, the other day, and made an inquiry as to the best method of bleaching oysters. It was apparent that oystermen do not relish the newspaper notoriety which has been thrust upon the innocent and inoffensive shellfish.

"If I could meet the man who started all this talk about typhoid fever and malaria in oysters," said one old salt. "I'd chuck him in the bay and hit him on the head with a board when he blew the first time, and there wouldn't be no second time."

"Some one writes to a newspaper that sulphate of zinc will bleach oyster shells. I don't know whether it will or not, but a chemist told me that it would not. But the oyster trade gets it in the neck all the same. That goodness that these stories did not get out two months ago, or the oystermen would all be in the hands of the associated charities. Our season is over for cheap oysters, in which the money is made. Nothing goes out of New York now but shell oysters, New York counts, and culls. The oyster business all the middle of November goes on halting. There are no oyster canneries in New York."

"This fad for white oysters I never heard of before this year. There are no pure white oysters. The oyster takes his color from his surroundings and an old oysterman can tell at a glance which one of the beds hereabouts an oyster comes from. The Blue Point is often silvery in appearance. There is no way that I know of to make an oyster white."

"When the weather is not too cold oysters, after being taken up, are sunk on floats for from twelve to twenty-four hours in brackish water, generally near the mouth of a fresh-water creek. This water they will drink freely and fill up so that they look fat. This has the effect of washing out the sea water and mud that may have been taken in. I know every oyster bed in New York bay, Long Island sound, or the rivers of New Jersey, and I know of no oyster that is white, and I know of no oyster that is long what you might call white. Personally, I would let such alone if offered me."

"Nature cannot be improved upon in the matter of the oyster, except to give it a chance to wash out and fatten up on some half-salt water. When the people understand that the bleached oysters are unnatural and artificial they will become suspicious of them and be satisfied with the plain, unbleached variety."

Queer Little Island.
A queer little island in Navassa, a ship load of negroes was landed in New Jersey the other day from the Patterson, hailing from this rock of four miles area, down in the Caribbean, off Hayti. Hayti claims it and the United States controls it. Hayti never pushed claims on it. It is totally bare—all previous claims are null and void. Several hundred negroes are kept at work, being shipped like the hands of a vessel. In fact, the laws of a ship are in force there, officers and all. The product, and the only one, is sold by the Navassa Phosphate company. There is no wharf or harbor, and the work is very laborious. There are frequent complaints of hard treatment from the returning crew, which is usually shipped for six months or thereabouts, and the quarters of the crew are in Baltimore.

"The quiet" said she.
An excellent story was told at a London charity dinner the other night. Mr. Sydney Holland, chairman of the Popular hospital for accidents, is reported as follows:
"Once day a man was brought in who was thought to be dead. His wife was with him. One of the doctors said: 'He is dead,' but the man raised his head and said: 'No, I am not dead yet.' 'Whereupon his wife made a loud wailing cry, and the doctor sought to know how it was.'
Knights of the Marshes.
The State Commander writes us from Lincoln, Neb., as follows: 'After trying other medicines for what seemed to be a very obstinate cough in our two children, we tried Dr. King's New Discovery and at the end of two days the cough entirely left them. We will not be without it hereafter, as our experience proves that I will cure where all other remedies fail.'
-Signed, F. W. Thomas, State Com-
Why not give this great medicine a trial, as it is guaranteed to cure a cough, cold, or croup, and is free at the drug stores of T. W. Ayer, Jr.,

LUCK OF THE ATKINESES.

BY MARGARET B. YEATES.

Nobody ever was poorer than the Atkinses, or, in common parlance, any more "shifless." The family consisted of the old man, Bill by name, a half blind, decrepit creature, who yet possessed a share of quaint humor; his wife, Lou-ise, a lazy, ragged old woman, who had grown fat on nothing and who managed to keep her snuff-box full even when the coffee-pot was empty, and five or six lank, scrawny boys and girls in various stages of age and dirtiness. They occupied a small log house on the outskirts of a town in the mountains of Arkansas, and their dwelling was remarkable only for its simplicity. It consisted of a single room which the entire family occupied without regard to age or sex; the fireplace furnished at once heat, light and the means of cooking their scanty food. Three wretched beds, a broken chair or two, a box which served as a table, a frying-pat, spider and coffee pot, with a few broken dishes, composed the entire wealth of the Atkins family, for their house was the property of a well-to-do citizen who let them live there for very pity. It was quite prosperous, this inland Arkansas town, though fifty rugged and rocky miles from the nearest railroad; it was considered by the country folk around a dashing, stylish place. The ladies there never went barefooted, even in the hottest weather, and sun-bonnets were long since out of date. They wore store clothes, and their wives had endeavored to induce the Atkinses to "join the church," but their efforts had not been crowned with success, largely, it seemed, because Mrs. Atkins and Mandy, the oldest girl, had "nothin' to wear." But now the other ladies of the church developed a sudden interest in the matter, and upon receiving the usual reply one of them boldly asked: "Well, why don't you get a dress at Boothby's? He'll wait till you get the money." Mrs. Atkins, who was getting a little accustomed to her unexpected turn of good luck, plucked up her heart to go to Boothby's, the largest "dry goods and general merchandise" store in the place, and though somewhat uncertain of her reception, managed to express a desire for a certain purple calico toward which her heart had inclined, but which she had never dreamed of possessing. Mr. Boothby was most affable; certainly she could have the goods, and anything else she wished. A pink calico for Mandy was added, and the enterprising merchant succeeded in pressing upon the bewildered woman various articles of adornment entirely unsuitable to her, but of which he had found some trouble in disposing.

Thus it went on. Mandy and her mother became regular church goers, arrayed in their elegant new calicoes, and the old man had a new suit of "store clothes" sold him on time and somewhat against his will by an accommodating merchant of the town. In vain the Atkinses protested that they did not know when they could pay for all these luxuries; these generous friends smilingly waved aside all such scruples and protested that they were perfectly willing to wait. Thus the winter passed, the Atkinses daily growing in favor. It had been a hard season, but, thanks to the indulgence and other articles calculated to please the eye and palate of the village customer, he had managed to amass quite a tidy little sum. On this gentleman the burden of contributing to the support of the Atkinses fell with especial severity. Not that he gave more than anyone else—quite the contrary—but that his well-known stinginess made him feel it more. It is doubtful if he would have given anything at all had it not been for the fact that he stood well in the eyes of the community, and especially of the gentleman on whose land the Atkinses lived. He was the rich man of the town, and his influence and importance were wonderful in a small way. One evening a group of men had gathered in Mr. Johnson's store, as was the custom, solemnly gossiping about the events of the day. The proprietor stood behind the counter keeping an anxious eye on his boxes of crackers and other articles ready to stand well in the eyes of the community. He was a slender man, slightly stooped, with his face and upper lip shaven and an iron-gray beard adorning his chin. He had small eyes and a bland smile that was intended to be very pleasing. It was hard to keep the smile this evening, though, for a lank mountaineer was making fearful deprecations upon a box of "animal crackers" that stood open on the counter. He dared not stop the man, for he was a possible customer, but as he saw his pastry boxes and elephants disappearing his heart sank within him. It was not until he had safely maneuvered the box out of the man's reach that he was able to give his attention to the chat that was going on. Albe Lewis had the floor, and he was telling something that was truly astounding. "Have you fellows heard that the old Bill Atkins is going to draw some money from the bank?" The sensation the news produced was fully up to the speaker's expectation. "Yes, that man that was here awhile back looking out for pensions is going to get a pension for Bill," he continued. "You all know Bill in the war, an' he's blind, you know, an' he's going to get his money now. I reckon his back pay'll be several thousand dollars. I'll be two or three months before he'll get it, but they say it's sure to come. Well, what would you do if you were in his shoes? Bill Atkins is a moneyed man! The news must be true, for the whole party remembered the pension examiner who had visited the town, and two or three men testified to seeing him go to Atkins' house. The news spread like wildfire,

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LOCAL MARKET REPORT.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Wheat, Flour, Beans, etc.

CALIFORNIA MARKET.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Flour, Beans, etc.

PORTLAND MARKET.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Flour, Beans, etc.

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